

What's your life worth? by Immortal Sins

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Summary: The cosmos had a way of balancing things. Where ever there was the icy fingers of death, the warm breath of life was there to soothe. Everything had a counter part.

1. Fallen

I don't own anything Stephen King or It related.

I will update when i can, but i would like to make it known that this is more of a hobby than a serious work, so no flame when i don't post for a while please. I hope you guys enjoy. I'm not the best, but you gotta start somewhere right?

Where...

The vast cradle of space that had held the creature for so long, was starting to lose it's grip. The large, blue sphere was about to take it away from it's calm clutches. The world down below it's surface, just as oblivious to the new arrival as it was itself.

I am not ready...

As the small ice encased form drifted slowly closer, gravity decided it would welcome the visitor with a rather abrupt, bright display.

Too weak...

The momentum only grew as the form started it's downward decent, flames erupting along the crystal-like surface of the mass; Careening through the atmosphere and lighting up the night sky.

My wounds are still not healed...

The ground of the new world was approaching quickly now and the inevitable crash stirred the being inside the ice, leaving it with a final desperate thought before it would make impact.

I will perish...

Earth welcomed it's new child with a glorious roar of sound. Debris flew into the air as the creature struck the ground, uprooting nearby trees and turning the once lush green field into something from a battle scene. It drug across the ground for a few feet before becoming still once more.

The sounds of the night seemed to have disappeared as the animals fled the scene, leaving a thick silence in the surrounding area. Only the wind dared to disturb the fallen ones crater with a sudden gust that caused the strewn about leafs to rustle and flurry. and with the winds brave breathe the rest of the night seemed to sigh in relief as well. The animals returned to their natural behavior, the haunting cry of a coyote startled by the crash, pierced the night.

I will perish...

2. Dirt Nap

It woke very suddenly, a violent shudder shook its body causing the small pom-poms on its worn, dusty suit to jiggle about in what would have been considered a silly fashion, if it were anyone else. It was not its time to wake... so why was it sitting in the pitch blackness of its cave, senses flared and claws scraping against the stone as if it were ready for a fight?

Listening carefully and mind open to wander, it searched for anything that would have caused it such a deep disturbance and found nothing in the dingy cavern. Nothing, but carcasses of its long dead prey and its pile of never ending junk that almost resembled that of a macabre castle, due to its decades of hoarding.

It didn't realize it was holding its breath until it inhaled loudly, the dramatic sound echoing around the cavern.

There was *nothing* here.

A sudden pain rolled through its skull making the creature stagger, claws flying up to clutch at its throbbing head.

What was happening? This had never happened in the millions of years that it had lived on this god forsaken planet. What changed?

It snarled loudly and threw a fist into the ground as another stab of pain shot through its skull.

And then it happened.

A vision? No... A cry for help. Not human in the slightest, in fact it was almost familiar. Another, very strong mind had reached out, touching its thoughts and awakening it from its deep slumber early.

I will perish...

The soft words were like a desperate whisper right in its ears and it made the creature almost uncomfortable with how intimate it felt.

The words floated across his mind once more "*I will perish*" before a

sudden image was thrown into his vision.

Falling.

Bright flashes of light- fire.

Very cold.

Pain. Pain and blood, frozen in time- but not soon enough.

It hunched forward as the brief image left its mind in a scramble.

Why is this happening?

An angry scowl soon overtook the snarling creatures alien features and it turned its face towards the cavern ceiling and howled in frustration.

"What tricks are you playing now bright one!?"

The angry words bounced around in the dark a few times before dying out, leaving it alone once more.

It took a moment to calm down, long limbs settling into a tired hunch and claws lightly clicking against the stone floor.

"Ok bright one, I am listening." The words were grumbled from behind rows of sharp teeth, their bite lost to the nothingness It was talking to.

It closed it's eyes and searched for what the cosmos was trying to tell it.

All this time you've left me alone and now you interrupt my slumber...

Its mind drifted out into the world, searching for the soft, familiar voice that was guided to his mind moments ago and found silence. A low growl left it's throat. It was not patient by nature and the cosmos was testing it's patience. The silence dragged out for another minute as It left its mind open as a sort of lifeline for the entity to contact it once more.

It heard many minds as it drifted, mostly humans and their pathetic thoughts and dreams.... fears...

A long line a drool fell from the maw of the now *starving* creature.

"tasty, tasty fear..."

The underground cavern was filled with the sudden sound of bones snapping and crackling as It began to take it's most beloved form. Its torso and face largely still resembled the vintage looking clown the old being preferred, but it's limbs had become long and miss happen-like a deformed spider.

"Maybe a bite first and then I'll find the fallen one." Its voice had taken on a higher pitch now, silly and dramatic, with a terrifying underlining growl that was meant to cause anxiety to bubble under the skin of its prey.

The slightest bit of doubt would lead to worry and that worry would lead to tasty, tasty fear.

In the darkness it's eyes drifted in a lazy manner as it's focus dropped to a small girl sitting in a car while her mother bustled into a grocery store, Too much in a hurry to have to deal with her daughter and her babbling wants and tantrums. A small girl named Lisa. A small hunk of meat to be devoured. And what do you know... Lisa happened to be *afraid* of clowns.

The cavern was deathly quiet once more, It had left the sacred blackness to hunt. To nest. To steal life away from the town it lived under. To search for the bread crumbs that the cosmos had sprinkled along the Earth for It to find.

3. Memories

Everything felt blurry...

Am I dead?

It could feel a dull ache begin from somewhere in its body, or perhaps its very soul.

No... there is no pain in death, but I may be close to it.

The small ache turned into a fiery torrent that would have made the fallen one gasp or cry out in pain if it weren't for the ice-chrysalis that had formed around it, keeping it alive all these years, yet unable to heal properly from the wounds it had sustained during the war all those years ago.

Time seemed so surreal while floating in space for an eternity, not knowing if this moment would ever come or if it would have crashed into a sun- to truly die.

It had been asleep for so long, only waking upon feeling the change from its slow rotation through the black void of space. Its kind used sleep as a form of stasis. They didn't age. They didn't need to eat, breath, anything normal of living. But they could still die from a mortal wound if severe enough.

Thoughts flew through its mind at alarming speeds, trying to piece together who it was- what it was and where it came from. It had been shut down for so long... millions of years maybe? How could it know for sure? Obviously long enough that it could barely recognize itself internally let alone remember anything about itself externally.

The war!

Haunting memories shot by so fast It could barely keep up with it all.

Scared- A creeping fear crawled through her being as she stared into burning eyes.

Laughing- Her sister learning to fly for the first time. Falling to the ground

multiple times, grumbling about not being able to have all the talent in the family.

Love- "Ba'lora, Will you stay with me?" A gasp leaving her lips as she stared into her lovers eyes. She was so trusting then.

Anger- Her fathers final tone resounding through the small clearing. He would not let them be bond to one another. "He is not meant to be yours, Lora"

War- Claws ripping and shredding into a body, trying to escape the battle for dominance and raise herself into the air long enough to escape.

The smell of blood.... Her lovers blood... Her blood...

She was saved then by the touch of another mind. It was very brief, but it was long enough to bring the barrage of memories to halt long enough for her to focus.

It was a large presence, a dominant one. It was strong... and hungry? Ba'lora forgot what that was like, to be hungry. Her memory didn't even know how to begin finding a way to relive the sensation.

The presence didn't call back to her. It heard her though, because she felt the shift before it was suddenly gone.

They were coming for her, or so she hoped.

Until then Ba'lora stayed within her mind and tried to find herself once more. The memories made no sense, all she knew was her name and that she had a family. She had been through a war and had killed another being- something that was completely against everything her soul told her she was.

Pennywise crouched down along a creek just outside the small town of Derry, the half chewed carcass of a child dangling from his mouth as blood dripped down his chin and onto his silvery costume. The weeds surrounding this area were so tall that even standing up at his full height he wasn't worried about anyone seeing him- not that, that was much of a worry anyways. No one saw him unless he wanted them to.

Hunched over there, he chewed on his meal, the sickening sounds of bones being broken as he effortlessly bit through them, Swallowing chunks of the dead child easily. His lips seemed to be pulled back in an impossibly large smirk, literally extending from ear to ear.

It was a small child, so it would not last him long. He would need to feed again this night.

His thoughts trailed back to finding the source of the cry for help. He had heard two humans talking about a meteor that had fallen into a field a few miles out of the city. The police were currently getting permits to inspect the area.

Pennywise was more than confident he had enough time to inspect the area, before the foul humans showed up and left their stench upon the land. It took him minutes to travel that far while it took them hours.

A few more crunches and slurps and he was done his small meal. Still hunched over, his body started to change, limbs elongating and bending in a way that would allow him to run faster than what those two human-like legs could. And he was off. Moving with a grace that didn't seem possible with the twisted limbs that sprouted out of his body.

He could smell where the Earth had been upturned by the impact, before he was anywhere near the actual crash site. This planets soil had such a pungent aroma- that was probably why they buried their dead in it. To keep the smell of rot underneath them.

It wasn't exactly a field that he found the odd, fallen, alien in- but more of a small thicket of trees that clung thickly to each other.

Pennywise inhaled deeply, a snarl locked firmly onto his face as he observed the scene in front of him. Senses on high alert he followed the upturned earth into the thicket, where a large stone sat cradled in the ground.

"Now what has Pennywise found?" It pondered out loud in an almost mocking voice.

As he got closer to the foreign object he could feel the cold radiating off of it- he expected heat, as it had fallen from the sky and burned through the atmosphere.

Ice... it is frozen inside the ice!

Pennywise marched up to the stone, his long claws dragging along the outside of the frozen creature, almost burning his flesh with how cold it was.

"Hellooooooooo in there!" He called out while tapping on the ice.

There was no response. The creature did not stir outwardly or inwardly, causing Pennywise to frown and tap on the ice once more.

Still nothing.

"Well then, I guess I'll just have to drag you back with me, you stubborn block of unwanted space junk" He spoke to the frozen block as if waiting for a response. Anything at all.

He was such a mistrusting creature, that normally he would have left it where it lie, but the familiar feeling he got while near it made his core call out not to.

He knew that feeling. He had felt it before, when the cosmos had called out to him millions of years ago.

He had taken too long after waking to reach the fallen one and soon the humans would be there. He could sense their uncertainty now and that meant it wouldn't be long until they were crawling along the crash site.

"Whatever you are, you are mine now. And if I decide I don't want you, you can float with the rest of them." The words came out with a menacing giggle. It was a bloody promise that he wouldn't think twice about fulfilling.

His body crackled a bit as it shifted into something that would make the journey a bit more forgiving. His claws started to curve more and his hind legs became thicker- prepared to drag the frozen creature back to his nest. He dug his nails into the burning ice, a low hiss

reverberating through his chest as they immediately became numb with pain.

"The sooner, the better, little meal." He growled to himself, starting to quickly drag the frozen being away from the crash scene. The humans would know no better and maybe he could pick up a snack on the way back... maybe...

Pennywise' eyes started to drift as he was momentarily distracted by the approaching humans, his pace slowing only for a moment.

...Maybe an older man name Ted that didn't like snakes...

4. Melting

It took Pennywise longer than he expected to return the block of ice to his sewer nest. He peered down at what were once hooked claws, all he could see now were blistered, bloody bones sticking outward from his palms.

He gave the frozen entity a nasty glare as he settled it further into the towering pile of junk, thinking that it suited it rather well.

"Junk belongs with junk" He muttered nastily towards it, finally getting it into a position that he felt was appropriate. It was now safely nestled inside his hoard.

He settled down beside it for a moment and let his body shift into a more comfortable shape- The clown of course.

"Look at my claws!" He growled irately.

Pennywise angrily watched as his precious blood dripped lazily into the air. It was almost graceful the way it seemed to gently bubble towards the ceiling, before dissolving like smoke in the wind.

Blood that had better not be wasted.

With his face still turned upwards, Pennywise let his eyes drift- his mind opening up to the town above. Drool began to pool in his mouth as he spied his next meal.

Thanks to that stupid block of ice he hadn't been able to pick up a snack along the way back to his nest and he needed the strength. He needed the meat in his belly. He needed the *fear*.

His head lurched forward dramatically and another grin split his face, showing the rows of sharp teeth he had hidden behind his painted lips.

"Tasty, tasty feerrrrrrr" He let the 'r' drag out into a growl as he quickly stood, the fallen one now forgotten as he prepared to take the life of his next victim.

Ba'loras wasn't really sure when she had fallen into slumber again, but now that her mind was awake once more she was shocked to find that the one who had touched her mind before had actually come for her.

It had brought her somewhere closer to living beings- that she was certain. She let her mind drift once more, trying to feel for the other creatures. She wanted to touch their minds with her own, but found that for most part a lot of them didn't understand what it was she was doing, or simply brushed it off as a *headache*.

She had been trapped alone in her own mind for so long... and now, even when she was surrounded by other life, found that she was still utterly alone.

They must be a primitive race...

But they other one felt me.

It knew that I needed help- came for me.

It.. knew...

I am...

Hungry?

Ba'loras mind touched the dominant ones once more and she was lost for a moment in what seemed like an endless pit of hunger. Her own body experiencing that sharp pang of feeling that had been lost to her for so long.

She needed something... anything to fill her.

I need sustenance...

I need ENERGY!

The ice was beginning to melt around Ba'loras. It would still be a few more days before she'd be freed from her odd prison, but it was progress.

One step closer to being free, one step closer to finding out where she was. Maybe even finding out who she was. Bother her body and her mind were seriously injured and she knew that it would take time to heal the grievous wounds.

Maybe my saviour will help me?

I would very much so like to see light once more... feel it on my skin

All of Ba'loras thoughts turned hazy as she thought about the possibilities before her. Would this place become her new home? Where would she go?

5. Flow

The weather was perfect for scaring little children. Spring was in full swing in the small town of Derry, which meant thunder storms and border-line torrential rainfall. The sewer was slowly turning into a swamp with all the back up rain water and Pennywise decided it was time to do a little bit of spring cleaning of his own. The creek had turned into a small river and he took this opportunity to toss the heavily decayed bodies of his left overs into it- he cared little where they ended up and even less if they were discovered.

Human minds were so easily manipulated. They would find the bodies and think that the children simply slipped into the creek or fell over the ever popular 'kissing bridge'- that they drowned doing something stupid, because that's what kids were. Stupid.

"They float, float, float awayyyyyy" he half sung while carelessly chucking limbs and other questionable body parts over his shoulder and into the quick moving water. His voice pitched between a growl and a child like lilt, something he had picked up through his long years observing and hunting children and adults alike. The way he spoke never failed to get him what he wanted in the end; A meal and sometimes a show, depending on if the prey was a fighter or a flighter.

A faint crack cut through the sounds of running water and splashing, causing Pennywise to halt all movement and listen.

The ice was starting to melt finally!

His mouth pulled up into a sinister smile and he abandoned the rest of the rotting body parts to see how his little frozen meal was doing. The way he walked would have made one think he was excited to see it, with all the skipping and awkward jumps he took to get there.

"Helloooooooo" he sang out as he reached the entrance to his nest- an old circus wagon that had once been painted bright colors to attract the attention of the children, now an ugly gray that blended in with the dust and litter of garbage. It was perfect.

He stuck his head inside, the psychotic grin still plastered on his face, and stared at the frozen entity that he had hidden there.

There was no movement or sound, but he could see that the ice had melted even more over night almost revealing an appendage to him. Though the layer of ice hid a lot, he could make out what looked like a small clawed hand very similar to how he made his own look when he was about to rip out the throat of a victim.

Pennywise stepped further into the dark space, stopping when he was only inches away from the fallen one. A gloved hand lightly skimmed over the barely visible little claw, curiosity over taking him in that moment.

"What are you planing with this little meal, bright one?" his voice was eerily quiet as he wondered, no usual malice or underlining growl touched his voice.

Pennywise watched as little rivulets of water dripped onto the cement floor, puddling underneath and leaving streaks along the ground that reminded him of the sewer tunnels, twisting and turning.

It was practically pitch black in the small space, but he didn't need light to see in the dark. His eyes glowed an odd orangey-red, slightly illuminating the area.

What sounded like voices, suddenly echoed through the dark area and Pennywises' calm moment was lost to hunger once more.

He glanced back up at the ball of ice, his cheeks slowly lifting into a horrific grin.

"Lets go see who will float next" his voice changing back into it's pitchy childish growl.

"What is that god- awful smell!"

A young boy named Justin crept through the knee deep water, behind him his younger sister Janice followed closely. She was clearly disgusted and didn't want to set another foot in the sewer, but her older brother kept tugging her along with him deeper into the

darkness. All they had was a flashlight that flickered *constantly*, causing them to be bathed in darkness more often than not.

"Justin, why the hell are we even in here? This is disgusting! I want to go home!" Janice pleaded with her brother.

He simply ignored her and kept going only to stop when the flashlight stopped working again. He flicked the button off and on a few times before giving the faded plastic a smack to get it working once more.

Behind him Janice let out another big breath.

"Justin, please, let's ju-" She was cut off when he abruptly stopped, making her smack into him from behind.

"Did you see that!?" her brother whisper-shouted. "I knew there was something in here! I swear yesterday I saw a fuckin' clown walking around near the entrance." He tugged on Janice's hand getting her to look in the direction he had pointed the flashlight.

There, in the middle of the sewer, floated a red balloon.

A fucking red balloon. Janice couldn't believe her eyes! She thought her brother had just been messing with her and trying to scare her by bringing her down into this disgusting place.

"O-Ok.... Can we leave now?" She mumbled wearily, starring at the creepy balloon. Something about it wasn't right... Everything seemed off.

"No I wanna find the fuckin' clown" Justin started marching towards it, determined to grab the thing as proof that there was at least *something* down here.

Just as his hand was about to grab the string, his sister Janice let out a horrific scream, falling back into the muddy gray water. He snapped his attention back to her, trying to find her reasoning for screaming like a fucking banshee right in his ear, but instead of seeing his sister he came face to face with the very clown he was searching for.

"Hiya, Justin! do you want a balloon?" His grin was predator and he let the fear sink into his prey, before his mouth widened violently and his rows of teeth took a fatal bite out of the boys neck. Blood sprayed all over Pennywises' face and down the front of his suit. Justin simply fell back into the water- dead before he even hit the surface.

Janice watched the clown appear out of literally nowhere and rip her brothers throat out. She was so afraid she literally couldn't make a sound if she wanted to. All that came out was a choked squeak as she sat in the knee deep, disgusting water.

She watched as the clown turned around slowly to face her.

She watched as his face split open in an inhuman way, his cheeks ripping open to reveal even more teeth.

She watched as a blinding light took hold of her vision. Took hold of her entire being.

And then nothing. She was his now and she was going to float like the others.

An old flashlight lazily drifted out of the sewer tunnel to join the heavier flowing water of the creek. It traveled along with the flow for a while before becoming caught on some rocks along the bank. Forgotten... Just like all the children that were about to disappear.

6. Scales

Warmth... Am I dreaming?

I can't tell the difference anymore, everything seems so blurry...

Ba'loras mind came awake to the feeling of heat that seemed to be radiating from her core. It started off as a slow, pleasant feeling that confused her.

Where is it coming from?

With nothing else to do she sunk into to wonderful feeling of... feeling. It had been such a long time since she had felt anything other than a biting numbness, floating along through space in her ice cocoon. She laid there in her silence, enjoying the feeling that seemed to come from her very soul and tried to remember anything she could about her past.

Fleeting images of people she couldn't remember the names of popped up in flashes of startling vibrancy. It was almost too much sometimes to try and draw a sort of understanding from them- she wanted to scream in frustration.

I KNOW these creatures, so why is this so hard?

A pulse of heat went through her body, much hotter than the pleasant warmth she was feeling before.

Paiiiinnnnn!

All Ba'lora could do was scream inside her mind while the burning heat coursed through her body, wave after wave of it making her flinch internally.

It seemed to go on for ages, making Ba'lora pray that death would take her soon.

For all she knew, these were the last of her moments.

Pennywise felt the change the moment it happened. He felt the burst of power from the ball of ice and knew that soon it would break free from its prison... And become his. He came to its side the moment he felt it stirring, bright red eyes gleefully watched the ice melt away faster as the heat rose from within.

"Yessssss!" he hissed out as the ice melted faster, more of the creature was opening up to his keen eyes.

The little clawed hand was the first appendage to become fully visible to Pennywise, fingers clenching and unclenching in a spastic manner. And then a human-looking wrist and forearm, with what looked like little scales covering it.

"How interestinggggg" Pennywise whispered, one gloved hand came up to gently brush along the scaled flesh of his new pet. It was then that he inhaled deeply, catching the first scent signature of the fallen one he had collected.

The rich scent of heat filled his senses that reminded him of a hot summer day on Earth, followed closely by a musky smell that reminded him of dead leaves on a forest floor.

Pennywise did not use kind words very often, for he was not a very kind creature by nature. He was a killer, a predator that killed young to survive, but the scent of the creature was intoxicating to him. Another whiff had him closing his eyes in concentration.

"Femaleeeeeee?" He was almost confused by this fact, like he was expecting another male of some species.

He opened his eyes once more to see that more of his new little *female* toy had come into view. The creature had a lot of human-ish qualities, like its torso, arms, legs, and head retained a human shape, much like his own did. However the features and skin were very much so alien, with scales covering most of its body, it reminded him of a small creature that a lot of creatures on this planet had come to fear called a snake. He giggled at the memory of the tiny scaled creature; humans were so odd, to be scared of such a pathetic thing.

Pennywise reached up to skim a hand along the creature's ears- they

were long and pointed, the scales surrounding them much rougher than the ones on its hand and arm.

How odd he thought, that was until he saw the large bat-like wings that were folded under her twitching form. Long hooked claws adorned the top of each webbed wing.

Pennywise smelt the blood before he saw it, it hung thick in the air now. The scent of it was more bitter than what he had become accustomed to while living in his comfortable sewer; Like human blood mixed with vinegar.

It was only when her thrashing stopped that he was able to see the large gash on her abdomen, bleeding heavily and showing the muscle underneath. His eyes widened- it was deep.

He sat beside the creature for a moment, suddenly stuck in the dilemma of helping his creature, or letting it die to save himself the energy.

A low grumble rumbled in his throat as he crouched there inwardly cursing the cosmos and its odd offering. The bright one did everything for a reason, so there had to be a reason for it dumping off this creature here with him. Eyebrows drawn into a scowl, Pennywise firmly grasped the arm of the now prone fallen one.

"You will live today, but you had better not make me regret it or you'll float too" He half whisper growled to his new toy, even though he knew that it didn't hear a single word he had just uttered towards it. Pennywise closed his eyes with a huff and curled a large hand towards his stomach. His suit and flesh seemed to dissolve into itself and a dark reddish hole appeared just wide enough for him to fit his fist inside. He withdrew his hand from the hole in his abdomen, pulling a line of what looked like silk along with it.

Crouching lower, Pennywise licked his lips as drool started to drip down his chin- He brought his face close to the wound and inhaled sharply. Drool fell onto her open wound as he began lathering her injury with his tongue.

A shudder went up his spine at the new flavor that assaulted him and

he wanted to sink his teeth deep into her flesh to get a true mouthful of her blood.

But he had already chosen to save his new toys life, so with more dedication than he had shown since coming to this planet, he began to weave a patch onto her wound with the very web he had pulled from his body until the wound was entirely closed.

It was only then that he all but launched himself away from the creature he mended.

"All done. Yes- Yes, all done now. I must go. Feed." Pennywise quickly backed away from his nest, his eyes already eerily drifting as he searched for a meal to slake his violent hunger. He was not used to having to with hold himself from something he wanted, and oh, how he *wanted* her blood. Now his hunger lanced through him sending him into a urgent bloody frenzy.

His eyes snapped into focus as Pennywise found his next meal nearby.

A young man named Earl was about to come face to face with his biggest fears. His mummified mother-in law.

7. Wake

Hey guys, sorry for taking so long to update. You know how life seems to come barreling through your door at random times and for no particular reason, interrupting your play time? Yea. All that happened. I would also like to apologize for the last chapter, I tried to push it out too quickly, because of the situation mentioned earlier and I went back to read it and was just... blehk'ed.

It was as if fire and electricity both danced just under Ba'loras skin. Everything burned so incredibly badly, but the feeling of sparks shooting through her veins was enough to make her wish she had died during her landing on this planet. It felt as though her muscles were trying to rip themselves out of her flesh with how tightly her body was tensed from the intensity of it.

Her nails dug into her palm and she felt the heat of her own blood leaking through her clenched fist.

Wait! I can move! The joyous thought was drowned out however, by the amount of pain that came with the realization.

For the first time since she had been lost to the void of space, Ba'loras opened her mouth and inhaled the oxygen rich air around her. Her lungs itched with the movement and her chest rose, making the bones in her rib cage pop. Back arched and the muscles in her throat shifted, before she howled her pain to the world around her.

The sound of her own painful cry echoed softly back to her; the beautiful moment when the nerves in her ears came to life being lost to the fire as well. Nothing else seemed to greet that sense, it seemed as though she alone at the moment and that left Ba'loras feeling all the more terrified about her situation.

Ba'loras laid there in the den of her 'savior' and clung to consciousness as best she could, while the flames under her skin threatened to finally take her to her demise.

Pennywise heard her howl in pain, the first actual noise he had heard his little female make since her blazing entry into his life. It seemed as though her body was finally starting to come down from the inferno it had become, the cool air of the sewer had no doubt helped her through that. He had checked in on her a few times while tossing stolen items from his dead victims into his nest, secretly keeping a close eye on his new toy. He noticed that his webbing had stuck firmly to her abdomen, making sure that no more blood would weep from her injury. It was up to her now, to make it through the healing process.

His eyes started to wander as he let his mind drift to the world around him, needing to remove his attention from the alien creature in his den. Thoughts of the pathetic humans bounced around, their hopes and dreams, but he didn't care about any of that. He wanted the fear. He wanted to creep into their every nightmare and steal that very essence from there wretched souls. He wanted to bathe in their desperate cries and feast on every scream he tore from their throats.

All the humans thoughts left his mind as he all but tore himself away from them. He had just went on a successful hunt and still his insatiable hunger ripped at his control. Sometimes it felt like it would never end- like no matter how much he consumed it would never be enough. It was completely maddening.

But monsters didn't worry about madness. They were the cause of madness.

Pennywise crouched down on the sewer floor, the bells on his vintage looking suit slightly jingling with the sharp movement.

"Pennywise will wait now. Yes, yes. Wait for the sun to go down. And then I will take a walk a looooong walk. Yes, yessssss." His voice fluctuated from a silly, carefree tone to a hissing growl as he spoke out loud. Only the floating corpses that lazily shifted above his head heard his grumblings.

He stayed like that on the sewer floor for some time, his eyes closed and seemingly relaxed in his hunched stance.

It was the small movement from within his den that brought him out

of his trance, and caused him to stalk quickly towards the noise.

His first glance into the darkness of his den, had him grinning like a cat. The small female had lifted herself onto her elbows, her entire body shaking fiercely with the effort it took for that one small movement. Pennywise watched her struggle with the motion before giving up and simply laying back down on the cool cement floor. His eyes were narrowed on her every movement, trying to access if she would be a threat or not, though he seriously doubted that she could be. She was small compared to him, though obviously larger than an average human of this world- not to mention the gaping hole in her stomach would hinder her from any threatening actions, at least for the time being. He wasn't sure what the recovery time on her species was, and the animal part of his mind told him to be at least a little cautious. His new toy had already shown her exceptional grasp of the energy around her as well as her odd form of telepathy.

He continued to observe her as she lay on the floor, the sound of her labored breathing and the running water dripping from the sewer pipes creating an eerie song through out the darkness.

With his eyes trained on her, his obsessive hunger was traded for a different obsession- a new one with scales and tiny claws that looked like his own.